

SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION.

VOLUME LIII.—NO. 126.

HALE BROS. & CO.

This Morning, at 9:30:

BOYS'

Straw Hats, 25c. Each!

THIS IS LESS THAN HALF THEIR REGULAR VALUE.

Men's Fancy Scotch Cheviot Suits, in single-breasted cutaway; sack style. Price, \$12.

Men's Fancy Brown and Black-checked Cassimere, in single-breasted cutaway; sack style. Price, \$8.50.

Young Men's Suits, in Dark Grey California Cassimere; ages, 10 to 16. Price, \$5 a pair.

Young Men's Suits, in Medium Dark Casimere, with fancy broken plaid; ages, 9 to 12. Price, \$7.50.

Men's Fancy Half Hose, in a great variety of patterns, 25 cents a pair.

Men's Fine Gauze Undershirts, 25 cents each.

Men's Extra-good Quality Percale Shirts (various patterns), at \$1.50 each.

Men's Light-colored, Soft and Stiff Dress Hats, in all the latest shapes; bottom prices always named.

Men's All-linen Dusters, 75 cents to \$1.50 and upwards.

Never was our assortment of Clothing larger than now.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED SAME DAY AS RECEIVED.

HALE BROS. & CO.,

Nos. 829, 831, 833, 835 K street, and 1026 Ninth street, Sacramento.

Hunyadi János

The Best and Cheapest Natural Aperient Water.

A NATURAL LAXATIVE, SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Prof. MACNAMARA, M.D. of Dublin.

"SPEEDY, SURE, and GENTLE."

Prof. ROBERTS, F.R.C.P. London.

"Relieves the kidneys, unloads the liver, and opens the bowels."

LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.

Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE BLUE LABEL.

FRUITS, SEEDS AND PRODUCE.

H. G. MAY & CO.,

Dealers in Fruit, Produce, Poultry, Fish,

FULTON MARKET, Nos. 428 AND 430 K street, cor. of Fifth, Sacramento. 334-41

EGENSON, GREGORY, C. C. BARNEY, FRANK GREGORY

GREGORY, BARNEYS & CO.,

(Successors to Gregory & Co.).

Nos. 126 and 127 J Street.

W. E. GREGORY, DEALER IN FRESH AND

FROZEN FRUITS, Potatoes, Vegetables,

Green and Dried Fruits, Beans, Alfalfa, Butter,

Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, etc., always on hand. Orders filled at lowest rates.

324-41

LYON & CURTIS,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Vegetables, Fruits, Seeds, Butter, Eggs,

—AND—

PRODUCE GENERALLY,

Nos. 117 to 123 J street, Sacramento.

330-31

W. R. STRONG & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS AND DEALERS

SEEDS, FRUITS & GENERAL PRODUCE

Proprietors CAPITAL NURSERIES, Sacramento, Cal. Seed and Tree Catalogues sent on application. Nos. 6, 8 and 10 J street, Sacramento.

1885.

CALIFORNIA MARKET,

Nos. 815 J street, bet. Eighth and Ninth.

A. CHRISTIANSEN AND J. L. MATHER, DEALERS IN THE FIRST CLASS STOCK OF FRUITS, VEGETABLES, Poultry, Fish, Butter, Eggs, etc., also a large number of old friends, former partners and the public invited to call.

1885.

D. DEBERNARDI & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

and shippers of all kinds of

Fruits, Vegetables, Fish, Game,

Poultry, Eggs and General Produce.

Careful attention given to the Selection and

Packaging of Choice Fruits for Distant Markets.

Nos. 308 and 310 K st., Sacramento, Cal. 330-31

A. MOORE, S. GERSON,

S. GERSON & CO.,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Dealers in Imported and Domestic Fruits,

Vegetables, Nuts and Dried Fruits. m23-tf

MARKETS.

NEW YORK MEAT MARKET, Nos. 1020 and 1032 K street, between Tenth and Eleventh.

ALL KINDS OF MEAT FRESH

and DRIED, and the Lower

Portion of the Market.

All Meats, Game, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Eggs, etc., in ice-houses attached to shop, a

sure guarantee that it is in prime condition at all times.

1885.

O'DELL & ROSS, Proprietors.

AGENTS FOR

CHICKING' & SONS' PIANOS! ♫ ♪ ♪

Wilcox & White Organs!

J. L. CHADDERON, IMPORTER AND DEALER

in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass

Mixed Paints, Artificial Painters' Materials,

Wal. Paper, etc. No. 204 K st., Sacramento. 332-33

ly2-1pm

AC-CORDEONS, HARMONICAS, etc.,

embracing all the latest styles.

Country orders promptly and carefully at-

tended to, at lowest prices.

ly2-1pm

SACRAMENTO, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1885.

WHOLE NO. 10,684.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

MATTERS AND THINGS AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Silver Coinage—General Grant—California Wool—An Aged Embuzzled Sentenced.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

California and Oregon Wool.

New York, July 17th.—J. Koschak, who deals mainly in California wool, said: "California is trying to grow better wool than it ever did. Certain manufacturers are trying to outdo each other. The market is rather quiet, but I am not having improvement within a short time. Prices of all kinds of wool have fallen off 10 to 15 per cent, compared with last year. Manufacturers are not stocking up with goods, but buying more for their immediate wants. Prices for our wool are now somewhat higher than in the breeding of fine sheep. If it were not for burr and seed for which there is no remedy, California wool would be preferred to the product of other States. The bulk of wool from Oregon is now coming here direct. The clip is in better condition than last year. The market is still on the market lighter shrank wools caused by these direct shipments. Formerly the best Oregon wools were sold in San Fran-

cisco to large scouring concerns there.

Manning's Civil Service Reforms.

PHILADELPHIA, July 17th.—The *Times* to-day

heard arguments by counsel for the Northern Pacific Railway in support of their ap-

peal from the decision of Commissioner Sparks, revoking the order made by Acting Commissary Harrison, rectifying the terminal lines of that company's land grant in Oregon.

The Solicitor of the Treasury to-day

approved the bond of S. H. Brooks, Assistant

Treasurer at San Francisco, in the sum of

\$500,000, to cover the expenses of the

reorganization of the Paymaster Bulwells, Camp and Frazer, who were tried by Court-martial on

the 2d of June.

Win. J. Bryant has been appointed In-

spector of Halls at Seattle, Washington

Territory.

Hanged for Murder.

MARSHALS, July 17th.—Tom Ackles (con-

demned) was hanged to-day at Helena, Ark.,

for the murder of Frank Barrill, and his

wife (colored), last January.

The hanging was the occasion for running

out of Helena and surrounding towns.

Five thousand persons witnessed the

hanging, and the streets were crowded.

Catherine Lewis, the singer, is figur-

ing in another sensational scandal at Atlantic

City, New Jersey.

One thousand six hundred and twenty-

nine new cases of cholera and 672 deaths

were reported Thursday from all parts in Spain.

The English House of Commons, yes-

terday, passed a bill to prohibit the

Government from spending money in the

Mediterranean.

The Russian Government has ordered

the formation of a permanent fortified

camp in the province of Grodno, formerly

part of Poland.

The Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Lieutenant

of Ireland, has publicly announced that he will recommend that the Government give

an indemnity to the Munster Bank.

Mr. Shaw's proposition not to withdraw

deposits from the bank was agreed to.

General Grant.

NEW YORK, July 17th.—David Ackles (con-

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SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

SUCCESSFUL WORK OF A BRUTAL FOOL-KILLER.

A Philosophical Jury—Notes About Flowers—Sacramento's Climate—Fancies in Turnouts.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 16, 1855.

The position of principal fool-killer to the Court of California is an onerous one to be assumed by a youth, but that official greatness is thrust upon James alias "Tug" Wilson. During an exhibition of beauty art, a few days since, he battered to death a 17-year-old lad and was by a jury acquitted from blame. There's the wisest jest heard from to date. Evidently this is their thought: "Joseph Kelly being a fool, it is well for him to have died before becoming yet more degraded." His death is money in the pockets of his unborn progeny. The world is better off without him. To shut "Tug" Wilson in prison will decrease pugnism and preserve life among inept pupillists. Having liberty, he may be able to exterminate other fools before they perpetuate their kind. If we could only manage to get him killed, even now, I'd suggest right and instant to finish, that would soon thin King Pin's ranks and end mainly (?) art exhibitions. Mr. Wilson, accept our good wishes. Go soon free and hereafter put in your best blows! Now there's

SOME STYLE ABOUT A JURY.

With philosophical reasoning like that, the prize for which they contend is not much. The much, or indeed the mental status of those fighting thereto! This department, or country, as we should call it, of Quetzaltenango, is one of the most important of the twenty into which Guatemala soon after the conquest of Mexico. The Spaniards found them in high estimation among the Aztecs, who attributed their great fact the overplus rate in diet with potatoes as six to four. At every meal they are used and laid in supply as regularly as flour. The mountaineers have the cleanest blood and clearest eyes in the world because of their eatable seven-grain. Peas were brought from southern Ireland direct to Trigo by relatives four months ago. She is a rather pretty, bright girl, and gives interesting descriptions of her farm home in Erin.

Tomatoes, cauliflower, celery, sweet potato, and many of the fruits she never saw until she came here but has learned to cook most of them. Recently *peperina* wanted a few days' country tour and asked me to do the daily marketing. Delia could do all else. The market is so attractive that to buy *peperina* is eight. One day the children asked for pumpkin pie. New England's pie had not happened to come under Delia's observation, so, after learning that she did not know how to make it, I told her we had the recipe come from the market to cook and I would, on returning from business to lunch, show her how to prepare the pie. We had a visitor at lunch, a gentleman who had just returned from Japan, and entertained us with charming descriptions of that country. We had dinner and were all laughing closely to his recital when the kitchen door opened and Delia appeared bearing a huge platter. On it lay a large, red, steaming bacon. The children cried gleefully: "English pudding! Oh! good!" I thought: "How odd you have suddenly got hold of an air of triumph." Delia had advanced and placed before me the dish, looked again, "Delia, what is the world in this?" "Plaze, miss, it's the pumpkin in the pies, miss; you told me to cook it."

Poor girl! We all yelled with laughter. It was a moment of silence. Then I asked how to prepare the filling for crust, but that she did know how to clean and cook the vegetable. She had never seen a pumpkin, and in absence of definite instructions put it into the wash boiler and cooked it whole. Her pride received a great blow, and no more credit is due me as a walking cook book.

CAROL GROUSE.

A WAR STORY.

A Slave's First Glimpse of Freedom and Happiness.

"It was some time in the summer of 1850 when Joseph R. Perez of Sacramento, in the 21st Calvary regiment was posted in West Virginia, in the Kanawha river region. The regiment was composed of men gathered up promiscuously in the Black Swamp region of Ohio. There were one or two companies of gray-haired men, too old to bear arms, and others too young to serve, but for a private—not to mention the recruits of the rope, on whom they soon emerged to put down the rebellion, but to emancipate the slaves. They were very religious, and they would hold prayer meetings at night. They would pray for the freedom of the slaves, and that the negroes might be made happy people. Their prayers were very interesting to us young fellows, who would go to listen to them because they were asking for something more than the issue of the war promised at the time, but everything that those old fellows asked, we had already obtained. And it is one of those results that this incident I'm telling you about came to a conclusion. We camped one day near a little town called Red Bank, on the Kanawha, and after our coffee had been prepared, we found that we had no bacon, and after we had eaten, there were a lot of negro cabins on an opposite side of the river, and I agreed to go over and try and get some sugar from the negroes. There were but thirteen cents in money in the whole camp, but I took that and started over with a tin can to get the sugar. The negroes, I suppose, had no bacon, and I paid them that they need not be afraid: that I only wanted to get some sugar, and that I would pay them for it. They less than half the weight of their weight in the process of drying. As it requires not less than seventy thousand insects to weigh a pound, and the average retail price of the commodity is only seventy cents a pound in the market, it will be seen that the general business is by no means a sure cure for the operative.

Occasionally a bug dispenser breaks out and devastates entire estates, as in Guatemala a few years ago, when the *harmeladas* were obliged to clear out of their houses by mowing the ground around the residence of the owner. They were a lot of negro cabins on an opposite side of the river, and I agreed to go over and try and get some sugar from the negroes. There were but thirteen cents in money in the whole camp, but I took that and started over with a tin can to get the sugar. The negroes, I suppose, had no bacon, and I paid them that they need not be afraid: that I only wanted to get some sugar, and that I would pay them for it. They less than half the weight of their weight in the process of drying. As it requires not less than seventy thousand insects to weigh a pound, and the average retail price of the commodity is only seventy cents a pound in the market, it will be seen that the general business is by no means a sure cure for the operative.

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Occasionally a bug dispenser

PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet straw and earth and leaves.
Day after day she toiled,
With patient heart, her work was crowned,
Some said mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And in her mate fresh earth and grasses
Brought, and built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soil on, before the wind swept away
Her nest, and, of course, all lay cold waste,
And wrought the rain o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again, and night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows sleep.
"What truth is here, O man?"
Hath been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'er cast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!"—R. S. Andros.

AN AMERICAN HEIRESS.

Lady Francis Trimson was charming. She was also clever, wonderfully well proportioned, had a natural complexion, a moderate figure, a good milliner, was a widow, and had one child—a son.

She had experienced little care or sorrow, for her husband was an old man when she married him, and he was gathered to his fathers before he became very disagreeable. He was the youngest son of a duke, and moderately well off.

Lady Francis' life, or, least, her widowhood had been strewed with roses; and, although she could have settled down comfortably again, she preferred to retain, as she said, her freedom.

"It is so nice to marry an old man; you are a widow quite young, you know," she murmured to her dear friend Clara Melton, who was a dead sight, Clare.

For us are perfectly content with our lot, and Lady Francis had a grievance that married sadly her happy existence. Do what she could, her son Jack would not marry.

"Dear Jack is so poor and so extravagant, I wonder what will be his end?" she sighed.

"He will marry a rich girl, of course," said Clare.

"It is his duty to do so, as he only laughs at me," sighed Lady Francis.

"What is he now?"

"Sitting Indians or buffaloes, or some other wild animals, in America?"

"When do you expect him back?"

"I am sure I don't know—in a month or two, perhaps."

Jack Trimson had been on West hunting buffaloes, shooting prairie-chickens, racing mules, and playing poker, and playing poker with the miners. He had a pleasant time of it, for hell-bent America and the Americans, and he was sorry to have to return so soon to England.

But life in America is expensive, and Jack, who had extravagantly taken a kind of getting-to-the-gold-fields, had spent in two months the sum he had calculated would have lasted him four, and he was in the middle of the Atlantic, on board an Indian liner, when his mother told her friend, that he was shooting Indians and buffaloes. The passengers on board were chiefly Americans who were in Europe for pleasure. There were one or two pretty girls among them, and Jack, who was a dangerous lady's man, commenced a hot flirtation with one of them before he was two days at sea.

Katie C. Brown was a nice girl, and had a pair of fine eyes, and her looks did great wonders when they opened first, and they did not open upon Jack. The Brown party consisted of three, besides Katie C. Brown, there was Mary L. Brown, a fine honest American girl, with no pretense to beauty, but with a look of strength and character about her.

Samuel Washington Brown had made money in France in the good old days of gold mining and wild speculation. He invested in a part of a silver mine in Nevada, which turned out a gigantic success, and Samuel was worth now his five millions of dollars.

Jack Trimson was pretty deep in the intricacies of a hard flirtation with Katie C. Brown before he heard who Samuel was. It was his friend, General G. Jones, who enlightened him.

"I guess, stranger, that girl has got a heap," he said.

"A heap of what?" asked Jack, carelessly.

"A heap of dollars. I calculate Samuel W. Brown is worth a million of your money. I always heard he had only two children—daughters. Suppose that brown-eyed tramp will have her half million of pounds?"

Jack Trimson was astonished.

"By Jove! if my mother heard of this fortune she would go mad," he ejaculated to himself. "Fancy half a million of money! Ye gods! what fun I should have spending."

The Brown party landed at Queenstown and went over to Killarney, while Jack came over to London. It was arranged when they parted that the Browns would write to tell him of their arrival in London, and Jack had promised to show them the sights and make things generally pleasant.

Lady Trimson was delighted to have her dear Jack back again. He was looking too, she thought, so handsome and so bronzed.

"Any girl will fall in love with him, my dear," she said complacently to her bosom friend, Mrs. Melton.

"He can be very nice when he likes," murmured Clare.

Jack, who wanted money badly, was very nice just now to his mother. He described to her his experiences of American girls, and Lady Francis was deeply interested in everything relating to them.

"They are really pretty, and not at all bad-style, but their accent is abominable," she sighed.

"You get used to it after a time," said Jack. "I know such a nice American girl who will be like dear week."

"She is pretty enough—good eyes, good figure, good carriage, good feet, clever, a dangerous flirt, and she will have half a million of money."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lady Francis, with a start. "Half a million of money? Oh! Jack, what are you about?"

"I am a real gentleman, and I am not at all bad-style, but their accent is abominable," she sighed.

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DAILY RECORD-UNION

SATURDAY.....JULY 18, 1885

WEATHER REPORT.

All Observations Taken on the 75th Meridian (Eastern Time).
SIGNAL OFFICE, U. S. ARMY,
SACRAMENTO, July 17, 1885.
11 P. M. (Eastern time), 75th meridian; 8 P. M. (Pacific time), 120th meridian.

Place of Observation	Barom.	Ther.	Wind	W.
Tatooch	29.96	-03 55	N. W. 6	Cold
Olympia	29.91	-03 54	N. W. 6	Fair
Sp. F.	29.95	-03 54	N. W. 6	Cloudy
Dayton	29.84	-03 51	N. W. 6	Cloudy
Fl. Canby	29.95	-03 59	N. W. 6	Cloudy
Portland	29.95	-03 59	N. W. 6	Cloudy
Roslyn	29.95	-03 59	N. W. 6	Cloudy
Mendocino	29.95	-03 59	N. W. 6	Cloudy
Bal. Binf.	29.76	-07 80	S. 70	Clear
Sacramento	29.92	-03 53	N. W. 6	Cloudy
S. Fran.	29.92	-03 53	E. 7	Clear
Keele	29.92	-03 53	E. 7	Clear
S. L. San Fran.	29.92	-03 53	E. 7	Clear
L. Angelis	29.93	-03 52	W. 10	Foggy
B. Diego	29.92	-05 00	N. W. 6	Foggy

Maximum temperature, 85° minimum, 62°.

JAMES A. BARWICK,
Sacramento Corps, U. S. A.

ADVERTISEMENT MENTION.

Metropolitan Theater—Nashville Students.
Linton Spring College.
Musical, Wednesday evening.
Central Park Concert and Dance.
Nob Hill—Tuesday evening.
Baseball-to-morrow—Recreation Park.
Irish National League, Sunday afternoon.

Business Advertisements.

China Hall—Assorted tea sets.
Hale Bros. & Co.—Bead hats.
West & Co.—Hand-some news.
Red Hot—Third day.
School Notice—St. Joseph Academy.
Stock Range for sale.
Call for a Visit—The Earl.
Sweeten & Alspach—Real Estate Agents.
Sacramento, July 15, 1885.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN THEATER.—“The Original Nashville Students,” jubilee and plantation singers, appeared at the Metropolitan Theater last evening and gave a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment. It was musically much superior to that given by the company under its old organization about a year ago. Prof. Sawyer is the pianist and director; Misses Stevens, Hawkins, soprano; Tipton and Chinn, contraltos; Messrs. Moore, Casso, Tipton, baritones, and Wright and Moon tenors. Miss Sawyer has a very sweet and sympathetic soprano voice, and Miss Tipton is the dramatic singer of the company, and a very attractive one. The company sang choruses, solos, duos, trios and quartets. The male quartet became very popular with the audience, and was recalled four times in succession. The performance was varied, and alternated between quaint jubilee songs, plantation melodies and spirituals. The program included a piece closed in evening’s entertainment, and introduced the troupe in some of the most effective jubilee songs. The performance was chaste, music good and was warmly approved by the audience. The company appears in popular prices in a matinée this afternoon, a third entertainment to-night, and a final one to-morrow night.

SHASTA COUNTY VENISON.—A traveler for a Sacramento wholesale house a few days ago, while at Delta, started out on a hunt with a resident of that place, taking three dogs along. In course of time they came upon a band of sheep, among the band was an old goat, said to have performed the air for nearly twenty summers. The sheep ran away from the dogs, but the goat remained and fought them until it was finally killed. His owner demanded payment from his master, who gave him \$10. Subsequently they had the carcass skinned and sent him to a well-known J-street saloon man of Sacramento. The latter declares that he was not fooled, because old hunter, on looking at the goat, told him it was not venison. Perhaps, when he sent the portion of it to the family of the drummer, who had made him the present, and gave small steaks to intimate friends. The latter have almost swabbed the saloon man since, declaring that the smell of the meat when it was cooking was so penetrative and delectable, it is said, that it is proposed to take a little extract or skin in their houses to offset it.

CLAIMED TO BE A COMPLETE SUCCESS.—A few days ago C. H. Gilman, proprietor of the Red House, announced to the public the opening of his twentieth semi-annual clearance sale. The purposes of the sale, as published in his advertising space in an ordinary newspaper, were “to dispose of large lines of silk, dress and fancy goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, millinery goods, trunks, valises, carpets, etc., before the opening of the fall trade. The proprietors state that so far the sale has exceeded all expectations.” A number of people have visited the house each day since the sale, as already announced, will continue during the remainder of the month. The stock is a very extensive one, and those who may desire bargains will find it to their advantage to call and see for themselves. To-day, the proprietor says, will be “the day,” that is, a large number of fairs will be given away.

Police Court.—In the Police Court yesterday, the cases of J. F. Liane, for disturbing the peace, and John McCoy, for battery, were dismissed on payment of costs.

The case of H. H. Ford, for disturbing the peace and carrying a deadly weapon—Joseph Lowenza, for being drunk; John Bennett, embezzlement, and Henry and Mrs. Auger alias Andrews, burglary, were all continued until the morning....Frank Doherty, for breaking and entering, fined \$20 or 20 days....Jack Malcom, for drunk, got off with a \$5 fine or 5 days....Mary Doe was convicted of disturbing the peace and sentenced to 40 days in the county jail....Dan McCabe, arrested for having been drunk, was released....The case of Frank Williams, for two weeks’ trapping, arrested for vagrancy, were continued until the 21st.

WHAT HIS NEIGHBORS SAY.—The Los Angeles Express, in commenting on the communication of the sentence of Lenox, a Los Angeles man, to the State Prison for life, for larceny for life says: “While Lenox, the murderer of Capetti, was and is deserving of no sympathy, we are not disposed to find fault with Governor Stoenem with his action in commuting the sentence from death to imprisonment for life. The fact can hardly be right of itself, punishment of the criminal, and a punishment to himself alone, but to a family as estimable as any in this city. Any one who has seen the father of young Lenox grows perceptibly old and gray during the past year in consequence of the son’s crime and peril, knows that the punishment must be gone for in the wrong direction, and will scarcely begrudge him the satisfaction of having saved his son from an ignominious death to no less ignominious life.”

The Red House *bulletin*, first edition appeared Thursday—a four-page paper, started out with 5,000 circulation. It is new and spicy, contains reports and information regarding the great clearing sale now going on at this house. Delivery free. Secure one, read it carefully over, and then secure one of those wonderful bargains.

PLenty of calico at 4 cents per yard; buggy robes, 75 cents; striped shawls, 50 cents; ladies’ white skirts, ruffled, 50 cents; at our semi-annual clearing sale. Red House.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS buys a boy’s mixed straw hat from Hale Bros. & Co., at 9:30 this morning.

At 9:30 to-day, boys’ mixed straw hats, 25 cents each. Hale Bros. & Co.

Mixed straw hats for boys, 25 cents each. Hale Bros. & Co., 9:30 this morning.

Crashes and towels, blankets and quilts in our great sale to-day, at Red House.

Sox, shirts and neckwear at half their value to-day, at Red House.

MILITARY NOTES.

The Annual Inspection—Camp Matters—An investigation.

The annual inspection and muster held last Monday evening was preceded by a review of the troops by Brigadier-General Carey. The companies looked unusually well, better than we have seen them for some time, and the ceremonies were conducted promptly and smoothly. In passing in review the file closers should have placed themselves on the left flank when the command “guide right” was given. This was properly executed only by Company G, as far as could be seen.

The men of the brigade, field staff and the matter of the subsistence of officers and men while encamped at Santa Cruz was discussed. The feeling seemed to be that if a responsible party would contract to furnish rations at the rate of 75 cents per man per day, it would be more economical than to have the regiment supply itself.

Many who have figured on the matter claim that with the right party to superintend, the men can be better taken care of for the same money by the regiment being its own caterer, and the experience gained would be of great value to all.

As an Orla-Tricer. Galt, July 16, 1885.

“Appositional” and “omissional” constructions.

I can guess and guess and guess, and come round at last to the starting point. I can guess that he means to indicate how a sentence, changed from the natural order of subjects and predicate to a word, or phrase, or clause in apposition should be indicated by punctuation, and what punctuation should mark an ellipsis, but I end by guessing, because I know of no terminology as here employed.

It is hard to say what is the best way in grammar; therefore I sympathize with the victims. They may not all of them, have in their veins the blood of four or five generations of New England ancestry, by which they are qualified to guess correctly what may be hidden in the cavernous depths of an examiner’s mind.

I extend my hand to them, still with the advice, however, to “read us.” An Orla-Tricer.

Galt, July 16, 1885.

Those Primary Teachers.

Enc. Record-Union: Permit me to say, in reply to your companion upon my previous communication of the 14th instant, concerning the recent examination for teachers, that the word “primary” in the school designates the division preceding the grammar schools, and in that sense I believe it is primary in my communication when I say “There are many immature minds.”

“There are many immature minds,” really not well fitted for an examination of the subject were of the opinion that General should have said “I am testing a contract to outsiders.”

Will there be a concert and dance to-morrow afternoon and evening at Rich mond? Grove. The Hussar Band will furnish the music.

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THE FARM.

MATTERS OF AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

The Plum Curculio—Estimated Yield of Standing Grain—Cocaine Growing in California, etc.

The curculio is a pest that fortunately has not yet made its appearance on the Pacific Coast, so far as known, but that it will find its way here at no distant day, and become an additional scourge to orchardists, there cannot be the slightest doubt, nor can there be any reason to hope for the contrary. The curculio has worked the almost total destruction of the plum crop at the East for the past fifteen or twenty years, as before referred to by the *Ricardo-Upon*, and so effectually did it ruin this branch of the horticultural industry that many plum orchards were dug up and other kinds of fruit trees planted.

About twelve years ago, Brown Bros. of New York, who were extensive fruit-growers, set out a large orchard of plum, and which at the time in the course of the ravages of the curculio was considered worth as an hazardous investment. When the tree came to bearing, however, the proprietors invented a method of trapping the pest, which proved so successful that their plum crop of two seasons had been matured in safety, and sold at high figures, prior to the curculio's removing from that state some years since.

The tree consisted of an extensive screen, resembling an inverted umbrella, which was run by hand, from tree to tree, upon wheels, like a hand-barrow. By the movement of a lever, the screen was drawn inwards, and extending beneath and beyond the boughs on all sides, and slanting downward to the center, where was a small opening through the screen, prepared for the trap. The screen, prepared in this manner, was placed over the tree, and the trap was set, and when a man runs up to the tree, and gives the top a sudden shake, this caused the curculio to lose their hold, and dropping into the screen, roll down into the box. A back movement of the lever released the screen from the tree, when it was taken to the next and so on, repeated through the entire orchard. After a large number of the pests had been obtained in the box they were taken out and destroyed.

The curculio is a very small beetle, and the damage committed by it is from stinging the fruit, when it is still young. The place in which the beetle is thus engaged covers a period of three to five weeks, commencing generally two or three weeks after the blossom has fallen. If they can be prevented from depositing their eggs in the fruit during this period, the crop is saved. The above plan is for the purpose of saving the fruit, and the damage, and are easily shaken from the foliage during the cool or early part of the day, and the trees were shaken as described, each morning during the period in which they were engaged in depositing their eggs. Of course, it is evident, as it requires many men, each having the wheel-apparatus, in order to go over an orchard of any considerable size, during the morning hours, and this has to be continued every morning during the period named. The result, however, was satisfactory to the firm of fruit-growers referred to, and the plan is now adopted on this post so complete in all other orchards that Brown Brothers sold their plums at from six to eight dollars per bushel when their success was first obtained.

The freedom from this pest, thus far in California, seems to have been due to rainfall, as the climate is too wet to allow the plant to grow well, and the fruit is too soft to be easily shaken from the tree. The result was so complete in all other orchards that Brown Brothers sold their plums at from six to eight dollars per bushel when their success was first obtained.

To make the plum orchard a source of revenue, the soil must be kept in good condition, and the trees must be protected from destruction by the curculio. This insect is a very difficult one to destroy or control; various devices have been resorted to to prevent its entry into the trees, but none of them, so laborious, and require so much watchfulness, that only the most persistent growers succeed in saving their crop.

Read our article upon this pest said:

"To make the plum orchard a source of revenue, the soil must be kept in good condition, and the trees must be protected from destruction by the curculio. This insect is a very difficult one to destroy or control; various devices have been resorted to to prevent its entry into the trees, but none of them, so laborious, and require so much watchfulness, that only the most persistent growers succeed in saving their crop."

It is to be hoped that, however, since at the present time the economy cushion scale, which is one of the worst of the insect pests, is known to have recently come into this city, and notwithstanding attention has been repeatedly called to it through these columns, and the people urge to take the matter promptly in hand, a protection not only to their fruit trees, but to all shade and ornamental trees, shrubs, and bushes, which have been denuded, a general recognition of the facts stated, and a most masterly waiting for somebody else to move in the matter?"

WASHING SHEEP A BAD PRACTICE.

There are many reasons, says the *World Journal*, why the few growers who still persist should abandon the habit of washing their sheep before shearing, and know of no good reason for continuing the practice. The practice was inaugurated at an early day, and it is a relic of old times, when the wool shorn from the small flocks in the Eastern States was largely used up at home. Then it was necessary to wash it either before or after shearing, to prepare it for carding and spinning. Those who washed the sheep, the shearers, and their masters ought to be glad of it. The yolk in a healthy sheep is nature's preservation of the fiber. It is a soapy matter, with a strong potash base, resembling no other animal secretion; it is, in fact, a soap, with more or less fat, and presents a valuable commodity to be sold on its uncertain merits as to shrinkage. The name or designation of washed wool has ceased to have any charm, and the sooner the practice is abandoned, the better it will be for the sheep, their owners, and the trade generally."

DUST FOR THE PEAR SEED.

The following, from J. T. Hoyt, of San Mateo, concerning the pear seed, appears in the *Rural Press*: "Two or three years since a subscriber sent me a number of seeds of various varieties, and I have since found places disposed of the best that in 1876, the value of eggs sent to this country aggregated \$1,197,390.07. The Province of Ontario contributed \$601,540.47; Quebec, \$88,019.27, and Nova Scotia, \$3,905.75. It will be news to many American people to learn

such soil to accomplish the desired result.

CALIFORNIA RAISINS.

The *Rural Press* has sensible and timely remarks upon our coming raisin crop in this State, with a view to securing higher favor for our product. It says: "The Eastern market is in general in very good shape. Eastern fruit dealers are learning a truer appreciation of California raisins and are ready to handle them now, though a year or two ago they seemed quite wedded to the distribution of the Malaga crop, and our raisins were not then in general use. This year, for the conditions have favored an early fruit crop all around, they will have a better start of the Malaga fruit than usual, and if they are properly pushed the Eastern jobbers will be induced to get them well placed before the foreign crop comes. These facts are not much noticed in the *California Press* states that six cents per pound is offered for the fruit in 'sweet-boxes' in that colony."

We trust that raisin packers will be able to see the advantages of keeping prices as low as possible, until their full weight. It will be decidedly in favor of California fruit to have a square and honest package as well as a superior fruit. There has been for years great complaint and dissatisfaction with the foreign fruit in this respect, and hardly any amount of notice could overcome the greed of the foreign dealers, who will give full weight with the California fruit, we shall capture at once the retailer and consumer. We are going to have a large raisin product, and can afford to give good measure to those who, by their price, nudge us to find an enduring and profitable demand."

AGRICULTURE IN APRIL.

The spade is unknown, and everything is done with the hand tool, and the work is hard. Earth and stones are carried, exactly as in Egypt, in small rush baskets on one shoulder, each basket containing about twelve handfuls. I tried to explain a wheelbarrow to an Apulian peasant with a smile of unconcern. "Nolam," said he, "it is as Arab." But when Mr. De Los Peñas told me to bring him a wheelbarrow, I turned him to sleep under the sun. I then got a wheelbarrow, and taught him to use it. He then took it to his wife, who was carrying a load of stones on her head, and she loaded it with stones, and then went to the kitchen to wash the floor. The peasant, who had been working all day, was now free to go to the field, and the work was done.

The *Portuguese Farmer* advises its readers never to buy a team of oxen, and to take a quiet claim deed when they can get a warranty deed. The man who gives a quiet-claim deed, virtually says: "I don't know whether I own this farm or not, but you may have an equally valid claim." All quiet-claims of rootstock vines, set out about same time, are bearing a nice crop of grapes.

Mr. Morrison is an enthusiast on the non-irrigation question, and not unreasonably so, as he has, in addition to many varieties of trees, a number of rootstock vines, and a good command of language, is graceful and also an extensive vegetable garden where I saw growing without irrigation, squash, cantaloupe, watermelon, corn, Early Rose and sweet potatoes, beans, peas, turnips, carrots, cabbage, onions, and turnips, celery, lettuce, cucumbers, and radishes, etc. The shepherds guide their flocks partly by voice and partly by throwing stones. They are unerring shots, and a marauding lamb who has turned up to the corral, jumps at the fence, and when it falls into a hole on the upper part, sometimes sees fourteen pairs of oxen and five or six pairs of mules plowing in a line under the olives. The fields are very large, and they make no efforts for irrigation, but drive the teams to the fields, and when the oxen are tied on the horns of one ox, who trails the shafts on each side as he walks across pasture, the shepherds guide their flocks partly by voice and partly by throwing stones. They are unerring shots, and a marauding lamb who has turned up to the corral, jumps at the fence, and when it falls into a hole on the upper part, sometimes sees fourteen pairs of oxen and five or six pairs of mules plowing in a line under the olives. The fields are very large, and they make no efforts for irrigation, but drive the teams to the fields, and when the oxen are tied on the horns of one ox, who trails the shafts on each side as he walks across pasture, the shepherds guide their flocks partly by voice and partly by throwing stones. 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OLD DAYS.

Reflections Suggested by an Apple Bought of a Train Boy.

I bought the apple of the train boy. Not because I wanted it—oh, no, I did it to save human life—my own human life. I did it to appear the train-boy. And I was indeed, and was going to do more, but something else got me to go to St. Joseph (pronounced Singo), decent heavy on the Joe, or sick me. He wanted me to buy all of Professor Matthews' books except the gospel, and nine of E. P. Roe's novels, and Taylor's "World on Wheels," and "Beverly," and "The Captain," and several of Pickering's "Curious and怪奇的 Detective Stories," and a whole library of French novels with very flashing titles and disappointingly tame reading, and some California pearls and Siberian oranges and some Alaska figs and Seminole grapes, some candy packages with a beautiful prize and a ticket, and very packages from the one he sold me; and some ivory ornaments made of ivory that grows on trees, and some fresh-roasted peanuts which he assured me were George Washington's favorite fruit, that would purify the blood, make the heart strong, and make the complexion clear and promote beauty; and some English walnut meats, vintage of 1783; a railway guide of last July, and some apples.

I reflected. I did not think I ought to buy all these things, but I had a family to support, and I was so not satisfied as I am said to be at the suffering communities of poverty-stricken churches and tottering colleges. But I felt, as perhaps you have felt a thousand times, dear reader, that I had to buy something of that boy, or I'd drown in the flood of the car of life.

So I bought apples—cheap apples because they are valuable nutritious and cheap. I asked him how he sold his apples. With exceeding scorn he said:

"Two-for-a-cent" (which by interpretation is, two for a cent). I think he said two for a cent, but I had just now become engrossed in buying into a new drift the night before, and consequently had just enough money left to buy one, in a job lot.

It bit it with great difficulty and little joy.

sing, the leathery fungus that it was. I hurried back to the boy and told him to keep it. He might want to kill a man some day.

The boy, with the native independence of his class, said that I didn't know a good apple when I got one. He opined, indeed, and very opinionably, too, in a loud tone of expression for the benefit of the world, that when I had any orchard fruit at home, I recalled myself like a Prince, on dried apples.

I did not smile the boy nor upraise him with hard and stinging words. More, indeed, in sorrow than anger I told him I did know what a good apple was, and I knew it well, and I told him to keep it over if he would bring me one, my entire bank account, with all the hereditaments, protests and overclaims thereto appearing, should be his. The only good apples in the world, linear descendants of the golden stock of Hispaniola, used to grow, twenty years ago, on an old oak, three or four miles away, on Mt. M., on Mount Holly road. I told the boy they were not always a fair apple to look upon in their early youth, when I loved them best. They were hard and round, and green on the other. They were nearly all the way round and small at the waist.

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HOTZ' EXAMINATION.

HELD FOR THE MURDER OF JOHN C. GREEN.

Outline of the Defense—Defendant Admitted to Bail in the Sum of \$10,000.

Nearly the entire session of yesterday in the Police Court was occupied in the examination of John Hotz, charged with the murder of John Green in this city on last Monday morning. The prosecution was represented by City Attorney W. A. Anderson, and the defense by C. T. Jones. The City Attorney outlined the testimony for the people. These witnesses were examined by the prosecution: W. F. Hampton, Dr. James H. Parkinson, Dr. M. F. Clayton, J. D. Kent, O. C. Jackson, Lemuel Plagan, L. W. Farrell. The testimony disclosed the same state of facts relating to the shooting of Green by Hotz that have already appeared in this paper.

The defense outlined, and sought to be established, is that Mrs. Hotz was constantly annoyed by Green, who, on numerous occasions, followed her and offered insults; that Green had threatened to blow Hotz's head off if he interfered with him; etc.

Mrs. Jasper Drake was first sworn. She testified that she was the proprietress of the Grand Hotel, where Mrs. and Mrs. Hotz formerly resided; that Green, on several occasions, followed her and she called him a scoundrel.

Mrs. Hotz—I saw you writing something, but do not know what it was.

Mr. Anderson—Did you not say to me on that occasion that you had threatened to blow Hotz's head off if he interfered with him?

Mrs. Hotz—Did you not tell me in the presence of Officer Kent that you overheard the following conversation just before the homicide occurred? He said: "What are you doing here?" Green: "That's none of your business."

Mr. Anderson—When did you see Green last?

Mrs. Hotz—When did you see Green last?

Objected to by Mr. Jones, on the ground that witness was the wife of the deceased, and was often drunk while there, and insisted on visiting Mrs. Hotz; that she always seemed to be afraid of him, and avoided his advances; that Green told others that he interfered between him and Mrs. Davison, who called her Mrs. Davis, and asserted that Hotz and she were not married; that she loved her better than any woman.

Living, and that he was not married. Witness remonstrated with him. On one occasion heard a pistol shot in Mrs. Hotz' room; heard a noise as though some one was trying to get in; do you know of my own knowledge?"

Witness Verity testified that one night Mrs. Hotz came to his room, on Seventh and L streets, looking for Hotz; that she was followed by two men; one he thought was Green, but could not swear to it. She seemed greatly distressed by this act, and witnessed it partly herself.

Wm. A. Hughes, a physician, was next sworn. He knew Mrs. Hotz, and was her family physician. She called at his place for treatment on Monday last, about 8 p.m. She had a swelling on the left side of her cheek, a bump on the back of the head, a soreness in the right ear, and a pain in the hip; her hip was out, and her mouth somewhat bruised. He did not know how the injuries were produced, but was satisfied that they could have been.

PROUD WITH A MAN'S FIST.

And from the looks of the wounds they might have been made twenty-four hours before she called upon him.

James Dwyer testified that he was with Green, and that he and Green wanted to send for Dr. Simmon, that he thought he could "pull him through"; did not hear him say he was going to die.

Mrs. Hotz, wife of the defendant, was the next witness. She was very much agitated, nervous, and at times broke down completely. The court would not allow her to wail several minutes while she sobbed. She said she retired Sunday night about 9 o'clock. Her son, Willie, had been at the theater that evening, and returned about 11 o'clock. She then got up, went to the cupboard, got something to eat, and laid down. When she heard some one come to the door and commence banging at saying, "If you don't come and open the door I will kick it in." Thinking he would carry out his threat, she opened the door, Green, whom the party proved to be, sprang inside.

CAUGHT HER BY THE THROAT, CHOKED HER, AND SAID: "I'LL GET YOU, YOU ARE GOING TO SHOW ME UP." The witness said yes, and Green dragged her down so hard that she was stunned. While on the floor he struck her on the back of the head. Witness said she told him she would call Hotz, Green then spoke in such vile and vulgar terms against Hotz that she was shocked, and fled along in tears. Witness then regained her feet, and, clutching the grasp of Green, ran from the hall into her son's room. She aroused him, and told him that she had received her death-blow. At that time she thought the blows inflicted would prove especially fatal, and detailed the same story she detailed her to day, and said she went to Verity's. I did not think two men could be found who

were bound to the head and brain.

She had been wounded in the head. He asked who had assailed her, and she replied, "Come and see." She then returned to her home. As she went in she was closely followed by Green, who said, "I'll learn you how to do after that." He then went into the parlor, closed the door, and closed the door. They were standing in the middle of the room, her son trying to persuade her to go to bed, when they heard the shot. Witness said she ran out of the door, caught Hotz in her arms, saying, "John has shot Green, and killed you." He replied, "No, he hasn't." Hotz then said, "He is not killed, but he goes to my brother, you any more." Witness said Green made a motion as if to draw a pistol that night at her door when she spoke of calling Hotz. He said to her that if she went after him, he would blow her brains out.

And if she ever said anything to Hotz about it he would kill her. About 9 o'clock Sunday evening, in a room in the rear of Considine's saloon, Green drew a self-cooking pistol upon her, and a bullet hit her in the head, and had never heard of anything improper in her. He said it was time enough to tell her that after the arrest was made. She shook him away, and grabbed her again; when she struck him over the head with a bunch of keys, inflicting a wound that bled freely, and making a

SCALP WHICH HE GAINED IN HIS GRAVE.

She then related how that night she took her babe and went to hunt her husband, who lived in the alley, L and M, Seventh and Eighth streets. "Green and a pal caught up with her at Seventh and L streets, and another fellow, who was in the face, was on the head; this was late at night. She laid her little babe on the sidewalk, and drawing a pistol pointed it at his head and told him if he struck her again she would surely kill him. Just then three men came along. I asked them to protect my poor woman, from two roughs. The men looked and said they could see but one man. She pointed it at them, a tree where she had seen Green's companion, and he was soon

ROUTED FROM HIS HIDING-PLACE.

She then was permitted to go to Hotz' house, but on his arrival there she did not find him. She then went to Mr. Verity's place, a friend of Mr. Hotz, and asked for him. Mrs. Foster told him that he was in the yard by Green. She told Verity what treatment she had received at Green's hands, at the latter said it was all a mistake—he was taken witness for another party. Once

since that eventful night Green called at witness' home and invited me to John Hotz. "How will you ever get to another man's well, which lasted for several minutes?" She said she moved to Eighth and M streets on the day of the Scotch picnic. Her husband slept part of the time at his place on the alley. It was their intention to move all his effects into her building this week, and occupy but one house in the future, CROSS-EXAMINATION.

To Mr. Anderson—it was about half-past 7 in the evening when he saw John Hotz. "I never was in a saloon in my life." It was a room in the rear. I went there agreeable to appointment, to get money that was due me for medicine given to a friend of Green's, for which the latter had become responsible.

I did not drink anything. He came in after I had waited a long time, saw that there was no liquor in it, and then gave it to my baby.

Mrs. Hotz said she did not remember of seeing him.

Mr. Anderson—Did you not see me write it down?

Mrs. Hotz—I saw you writing something, but do not know what it was.

Mr. Anderson—Did you not say to me on that occasion that you had threatened Hotz?

Mrs. Hotz—No, sir.

Mr. Anderson—When did you see Green last?

Objected to by Mr. Jones, on the ground that witness was the wife of the deceased, and could only give such evidence as they did not object to.

Court overruled the objection, and witness said: I saw him last upon his dying bed.

Mr. Anderson—What occurred between you and Green upon that occasion? Why did you hug and kiss him while he was dying?

Witness—Officer Jackson took me there. The Chief came to my room and told me Green was dying. Jackson wanted me to go with him. I asked if I was under arrest, and he said no. I then said to Jackson, "I want to see Green before he is too far gone."

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